

The two daughters of the noted author are making a special study of

their father's books and are admiring readers of Kipling and O. Henry.

JACK LONDON'S LAST LITTLE GEM—IT TELLS OF THE THRILLS IN LIFE

Just a few days before Jack London answered the call to the last

great adventure he wrote the following little gem — perhaps the last he ever penned—for The Day Book in response to the question, "Are there any thrills left in life?"

GIVES UP A TRADE TO LOBBY FOR VOTES FOR WOMEN

BY JACK LONDON



MISS MILDRED GILBERT.

Miss Gilbert of California has given up her work as an expert interior decorator to devote her time urging congressmen at Washington to pass the suffrage amendment.

TODAY IN ILLINOIS HISTORY

Dec. 18, 1805.—The legislature of Indiana territory petitioned congress to permit the introduction of slaves into the northwest.

Willie Collier is dead wrong in saying that no man can tell the truth for 24 hours. Plenty of men can keep their mouth shut that long.

When I lie on the placid beach of Waikiki, in the Hawaiian islands, as I did last year, and a stranger introduces himself as the person who settled the estate of Capt. Keller; and when that stranger explains that Capt. Keller came to his death by having his head chopped off and smoke-cured by the cannibal head-hunters of the Solomon islands in the West South Pacific; and when I remember back through the several brief years, to when Capt. Keller, a youth of 22 and master of the schooner *Eugenie*, was sailed deep with me on many a night, and played poker to the dawn, and took hash-eesh with me for the entertainment of the wild crew of *Penduffryn*; and who, when I was wrecked on the outer reef of Malu, on the island of Malaita, with 1,500 naked bushmen, armed with horse-pistols, Snider rifles, tomahawks, spears, warclubs and bows and arrows, and with scores of war canoes, filled with salt-water headhunters and man-eaters holding their place on the fringe of the breaking surf alongside of us, only four whites of us, including my wife on board — when Capt. Keller burst through the rain-squalls to the windward, in a whale boat, with a crew of negroes, he rushing to our rescue, bare-footed and bare-legged, clad in loin-cloth and six-penny undershirt, a brace of guns strapped about his middle—I say, when I remember all this, that adventure and romance are not dead as I lie on the placid beach of Waikiki.